
Title: Wishing on the Well of Pity (Book 4)

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Book Four.

And She Thrusted
the Knife into Her
Heart. And then Her
Heart became lost.

Chapter 1.

Lydia saw the light. It
called her, drew
her in. Pulling,
yearning for her soul.
She screamed, and
arched her back in
pain as the silver
blade of the knife
pierced her heart. She
cried. At the very last
moment she saw the
light. At the very last
cry of hate and bitter
agony she held it all
inside her. The dove.
The dove was white.
Trapped inside it's
beauty. Rufus heard
the screams. He heard
it all. His eyes
widened. He knew
what had happened.
The dove flew from
the window. He got up
and ran down the hall,
and burst into Lydia's
bedroom. He glanced
from one thing to
another. The knife.
Her face. The blood.
The now-stained
white bed. The look of
pain on her face.

"Damnit!" he yelled. He
ran to her body and
rolled her over face
up. She was already
dead. He removed the
knife from her
stomach and clenched

her blood-stained
hand. He cried. His
tear dropped and
landed on her. Two
losses. Two lives gone.
Meaninglessly lost.
Why? For nothing?
Are they just two
more wishes down the
well?

Ludos walked to the
front door of his
manor, turned to look
at everything, and
then proceeded to walk
out, completely
unaware of what had
happened.

Avandore and Jadincia
were at war. The war
had begun. Countries
war all the time.
What's the difference
in this? There is no
difference, only
quarreling. There is
no problem, except the
problem what was
illusionated from
their differences.
The problem of Ludos
was different,
though.
Jacob, Kira's new
husband was the
Prince of Avandore,
and Ludos, Rufus'
son, was the Prince
of Jacincia.

Chapter 2.

The way was midway
through. The
countries had begun to
realize that this war
was in vain. So many
lives have been lost so
far, so why lose but
another? Why cast
just one more wish
down the well of
pity? The lives are

wasted. Dust to dust,
the lives are born,
molded and shaped and
burned and sketched
into their
surroundings, then
die, unaware of the
meaning of it all,
unaware of what
actually surrounds
them, and unaware of
the things that they
don't know. But of
course, people don't
know what they don't
know. It's a rhetorical
phrase in itself. But
then again, is life
completely rhetorical?
One gigantic cycle
wrapped around itself
many times through?
As a famous Greek
poet said, "Carpe
Diem." The phrase
Carpe diem is a strong
and bold, yet
meaningful phrase. It
translates to this
language, "Seize the
day."

Ludos seized his
sword in his right
hand. He was
shaking. The sweat
rolled down his
forehead. The
battlefield was hot
today. In the distance,
his eyes met the gaze
of another man's eyes.
They both charged
forward, only to see
that they knew each
other after all. Ludos
of Jacob. County
against country. They
say that blood is
thicker than water.
Ludos, is of Kira's
blood, but Jacob is
married to Kira. Who
is to say who belongs?
Who is to say that one
reigns over the other?
The only thing that
decides that now, is

the long silver blades
in both of their
hands. Ludos
unsheathed his sword
and growled at Jacob.
Jacob looked terrified.
He fumbled for his
sword, and then
not-so-gracefully
unsheathed it from
it's leather casing as
well. They had fire in
their eyes. They
looked evil. Pure
hatred. The hatred
blistered and boiled
before them. Ludos
clenched his teeth and
charged forward. He
swung his sword at
Jacob and missed.
Barely. Jacob
screamed an
Avandorian battle cry
and their native tongue
and lashed forward,
swinging and piercing
the air, completely
missing Ludos. Ludos
and Jacob then swung
both at once, and their
swords clanged
together.
They fought bravely,
each for their own
cause. Each for their
own wish and
purpose. Each for
self-clarification and
their beliefs. They
each wanted
something, the same
thing. How could Kira
live without a
husband? How could
she live without a
brother?

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Chapter 3.

Ludos swung his
sword one last time,
missing Jacob by
inches. Jacob caught
Ludos off guard, and
thrust his sword into
Ludos' middle. The

sword went through his body, and came out his back. Ludos' eyes widened. He felt the sharp wrath of the cold blade inside him. It stung like a million knives all into one. He cried out in pain, and tears dropped his eyes, landing on the sword.

Jacob took a step back, releasing his sword from his tight grip.

Ludos fell to the ground landing on the sword's butt, driving it further through him.

Jacob's eyes filled with tears.

"What have I done?!"

He screamed. He removed the sword from Ludos' body and threw it on the ground. He took off his armor, and picked up Ludos' dead body.

He slung it over his shoulder, and walked to the graveyard. The clouds turned black. It started to rain. The rain drops fell, each and everyone on of them hitting the earth. As the rain drops fell to the ground, Jacob cried. Tears rolled down his face, and he was horribly afraid of what Kira would say.

Chapter 4.

Bad things happen.

Bad things overcome us. Why must we all be forced to endure the long hardships of agony and mislead trust each and every day of our lives?

Jacob wept, and layed

down Ludos' dead body
against a tree. The
rain poured,
drenching them all.
Drenching the
wishing well that
layed in the
graveyard, no more
than ten footsteps
away.

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And this ends this
book of the story.
What will happen to
Kira? What will
happen to Jacob? What
ever became of Rufus
while they were
away? Book 5 will be
out sometime in the
next month, and will
uncover these truths.

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Whatever well you
peer down, whatever
hole you dig yourself
into, always
remember to be
careful which well
you cast your tears
into. -Vinco 3-11-01